

FORD TIMES

MARCH 1976



GOING BACK TO THE QUILTING BEE



Pinto Pony MPG
with optional wsw (\$33).

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Weight	2,558 lbs.	1,931 lbs.
EPA mileage estimates**	38 hwy., 25 city	40 hwy., 28 city

***More about price.** Pony base sticker price (\$2,895) excludes title, taxes and destination charges. Shown with optional wsw tires (\$33). Comparisons are base sticker prices excluding title, taxes and destination charges. Actual prices and comparisons will vary by dealer.

****More about mileage.** Since these are EPA estimates, your actual mileage will vary depending on your

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Why not stop in soon and compare?

The closer you look, the better we look.



FORD TIMES

The Ford Owner's Magazine

March 1976, Vol. 69, No. 3

Consumer

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COVER: The city bell tower forms the center square of a special finely embroidered applique quilt turned out by the ladies of Port Townsend, Washington, as part of a Bicentennial project. For more about quilting and the Port Townsend ladies' handwork turn to page 45. Photo by Dolly Connelly.

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The American Road,
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Remembrances Along

The Texas hill country left its brand on LBJ

story and photos by Henry and Vera Bradshaw

JUST WEST of Austin, Texas, the prairie begins to roll, undulating not to great heights, but to soft hummocks, much like a sea stirred by gentle winds. Pecan and hackberry trees, stately elms and huge gnarled oaks cover the slopes, a mass of vivid color in fall. In spring, the bluebonnets bloom more magnificently than anywhere else in the state. Deer hide in deep thickets and mockingbirds outsing all others. Through the countryside, the Pedernales River, loaded with bass and beauty, cuts a picturesque valley where German settlers have ranched and lived for generations.

*Above right: Visitors to the original Johnson homesite receive a free wagon ride from the National Park Service.
Right: LBJ Ranch fronts the Pedernales River*



the Pedernales



This, in short, is the hill country of Texas, the beloved land of Lyndon Baines Johnson, thirty-sixth President of the United States and the area's most famous resident. There was good reason for his deep attachment. In these hills, he was born and raised. And during his Presidency, he proudly introduced world leaders to informal Western hospitality at the "Texas White House," his ranch home along the Pedernales. Too, it was here he returned after a career of public service, and here he died. How unique to find the complete cycle of a man locked up in such a small region.

Four of LBJ's homesteads—birthplace, boyhood home, grandfather's farm and log cabin and the LBJ Ranch—are all part of a National Historic Site. The complex is open year around to visitors at no charge, and many of the Park Service hosts are old friends and neighbors of the Johnsons'.

The ideal way to tour the Johnson homes is to begin at the boyhood residence in Johnson City on U.S. 290, 47 miles west of Austin. Here, family portraits dominate the walls and a dining room fireplace recalls the stories LBJ told of being lined up with his brother and sisters by an austere father for spelling bees. The bedroom of the teen-age LBJ is a touching scene.

Behind the family home, a mule-drawn wagon waits to take visitors "down the road a piece" to Grandfather Johnson's log cabin. The wagon bounces guests over a country lane, through the heart of a pecan grove, and into the historic area. Inside the old cabin, costumed hostesses bustle about the pioneer kitchen much as its first residents must have done. Over the original open fireplace, a hoe cake may be baking. Or cornbread. Or peach fritters. These old-time delicacies are served, as long as they last, to all who drop in. Under expert hands, an antique spinning wheel whines as it produces the skeins of yarn that were needed to live a hundred years ago. Around the grounds, turnip greens grow in a neat garden, chickens cackle, and ducks quack in the farmyard, and a smithy may be shoeing horses in the old blacksmith shop.

Some 14 miles west on U.S. 290 is Lyndon B. Johnson State Park, from which National Park Service buses leave weekdays for an hour-and-a-half tour of the LBJ ranch. The tour includes the

Above right: President Johnson's birthplace is a National Historic Site.

Below right: Bus tour includes visiting ranch pasture where the National Park Service maintains part of the Johnsons' former herd



one-room school, now being restored, where Johnson learned his ABCs and where, as President, he signed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act. A stop is made at LBJ's birthplace, its open dogtrot hall a sure sign of its age. The home, a fine replica on the original foundations, is furnished with Johnson heirlooms; a beautiful crocheted bedspread—the handmade gift of Grandmother Johnson to Lyndon and his bride—is particularly noteworthy.



LBJ Ranch became known as the "Texas White House" in the '60s

Before boarding the bus again, visitors walk over to the tiny Johnson family cemetery. It is a solemn moment on the tour. The limbs of giant oaks sweep so low they almost touch the plain red granite stone that marks Lyndon Johnson's grave.

Finally, the bus enters the gates of the LBJ Ranch and stops in front of the rambling "Texas White House." Since Lady Bird Johnson still resides there, no one is permitted off the bus. The former first lady describes on tape the house and the remodeling done to make room for the President's office.

The bus then follows the ranch roads, as a recording describes

the cattle, the fields and the view of the Pedernales valley that brought LBJ "relaxation and comfort."

The tour ends back at the state park, where the exhibits you saw earlier suddenly seem more meaningful.

Of course, if you continue to Austin, the eastern gateway to the hill country, there is the Lyndon Baines Johnson Memorial Library, a remarkable marble edifice that houses political and personal mementos of the President, and an astoundingly accu-



Bucket well continues to supply water for early Johnson homestead

rate reproduction of his Oval Office. There is no admission charge.

Regardless of your political persuasion, a day-long visit to the Texas hill country is a moving experience—especially when the bluebonnets bloom. □

For more information write: Superintendent, Lyndon B. Johnson National Historic Site, P. O. Box 329, Johnson City, Texas 78636; or Elmer C. Whiddon, Jr., Texas Tourist Development Agency, P. O. Box 12008, Austin, Texas 78711.



Bullets for the King



My illustration

Any hope for King George III melted away the night they read the Declaration of Independence to New Yorkers

by Jayne Kennedy Sweger

paintings by Max Altekruze



ONCE UPON A TIME on the New York City Bowling Green stood a life-sized equestrian statue of Great Britain's King George III, built by Tory pride and folly. But it lasted just six years before melting away.

Immediately after adopting the Declaration of Independence, the Continental Congress dispatched copies to the 13 colonies, with instructions that it be read to the assembled populace. In outlying areas, weekly newspapers and the broadsides which were distributed on the streets and in the taverns carried the message. In cities, colonists gathered in the square to hear the Declaration read aloud.

In New York City, the public reading took place July 9—even though New York had not ratified and would not do so until July 19. Feelings had run high on both sides for some time as the port city began to feel the economic squeeze, the taxation and other forms of oppression connected with allegiance to the English King.

Several brigades of raw colonial troops were billeted in New York

City—the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill already had been fought—and like all untried soldiers, they were itching for action. They were well-fed; their uniforms were new. Boredom and unrest were like molten lava just below the surface waiting to erupt.

Therefore, General Washington's command that each brigade assemble the evening of July 9 on their respective parades set the stage for what followed.

As the appointed hour approached, people strolled toward the meeting place—singly, in pairs and groups—to hear the reading, to meet friends and to get out of their hot houses.

Ladies in their finery, holding little children by the hand, walked alongside prominent citizens including Mayor David Matthews, Alexander Hamilton and Colonel Peter Theobaldus Curtenius. There was a smattering of Indians; Donald Drummond, a seaman; Oliver Woodruff, a blacksmith; James Duane, an alderman; William Melbourne, a shopkeeper; and, of course, scores of soldiers.

Political arguments could be heard everywhere; tempers flared,



as those in favor of independence debated with their Tory neighbors.

The evening air was humid and oppressive, a remnant of a storm that hung heavily over the harbor, sending jagged flashes of lightning and frequent volleys of thunder across the city.

Promptly at 6 p.m., General Washington and his aide rode onto Bowling Green. In a clarion voice, the aide began to read: "When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political

bands which have connected them with another . . ."

At the conclusion of these stirring words, General Washington returned to his residence; soldiers joined their friends on the Green. As darkness closed in, bonfires were kindled, torches lit and flickering lamps appeared in the windows of nearby homes.

Colonel Curtenius was conspicuous, striding from group to group, a rolled up copy of the Declaration in his hand. Perhaps Curtenius, perhaps an unknown,

raised his fist at the statue of King George III and shouted: "There is the cause of our trouble! There is the Tyrant! What does he know, or care, about us?"

Suddenly, a piece of city furniture, everyday seen, but not seen, took on life. For six years the likeness of the King had sat in solitary splendor astride his horse in the center of Bowling Green. Crown upon his head, right hand holding the reins, his left resting upon the handle of his sword, King George III was mounted upon a magnificent, rearing horse. Wilton, of London, had cast the statue, omitting stirrups, the cause of derisive colonials' comments such as, "The Tyrant *ought* to ride a hard-trotting horse!"

The flickering lights, the rolls of thunder, the outraged voices and a hot, sticky July night combined to arouse the crowd to a fever pitch. "We will be free!" they shouted. "Down with the King!" The frustrated soldiers and the taxed, frantic citizens had an object upon which to vent their anger.

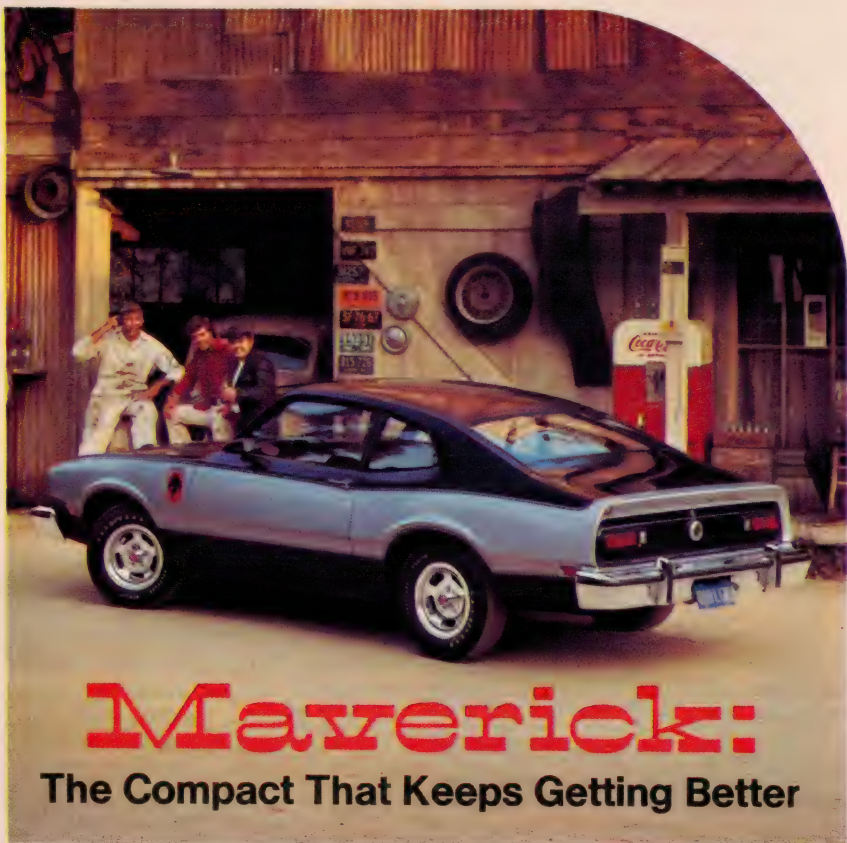
Seemingly out of nowhere came ropes, ladders, hammers. The nimblest climbed to the top of the statue to attach ropes around the King's metal neck. With long heavy poles, those below pushed. The loud voices of Curtenius and others could be heard. "Here, put a rope over here—that's right, now pull!" "Heave-ho!" "Together now, pull!" "Down with it—down with it!"

The majestic statue moved, ever so slightly, then appeared to jerk sideways, poised for a moment, reluctant to leave its high pedestal. Then in one swift moment it plunged to the ground.

There was silence, as the otherwise law-abiding people realized the enormity of their act. The quiet held for only an instant. The Sons of Freedom knew how to dispose of the fallen monarch. With hammers the statue quickly was broken into manageable chunks of lead to be transported to Litchfield, Connecticut, a great military depot during the Revolution. Soon various pieces were in melting pots, from which they reappeared as bullets—42,088 by actual count—of the same material, a city humorist declared, as the brains of those rulers who, to gain a peppercorn, had lost an empire. There is little doubt that portions of the kingly statue are even to this day embedded in the trees which shade the old battlefields of Long Island and New Jersey.

While the Declaration of Independence may have stated for all time the political and intellectual differences between parent and offspring, the convenient presence of King George III, in the form of a huge hunk of lead, gave the people of New York City a chance to express their differences more plainly.

As one Tory put it, "It looks as if the King's troops will have melted majesty fired at them." □



Maverick Two-Door Sedan with Stallion Group

Michael E. Maattala

MAVERICK GETS YOU where you want to go today, tomorrow and the next day. It's a simple, yet reliable compact that's backed by six years of improvement.

Maverick is available in two

models: a Two-Door Sedan and a Four-Door Sedan. New this year is the sporty Stallion Group designed for the Two-Door.

The standard power team is a 200-CID Six (not available in

California) and a fully synchronized three-speed manual transmission with column-mounted shift lever. Optional engines are a 250-CID Six and a 302-CID V-8. For driving convenience, there's Maverick's optional SelectShift Cruise-O-Matic transmission with column-mounted shift lever. Both SelectShift and the manual transmission are available with a floor-mounted shift lever.

Improved fuel economy makes



Sporty all-vinyl bucket seats are part of Luxury Decor Interior

Maverick an even better buy in '76. Equipped with the 200-CID Six and manual transmission, Maverick was estimated at 30 miles per gallon on the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) highway-cycle test and 22 miles per gallon on the city-cycle test. Of course, these are EPA esti-

mates. Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Maverick provides generous seating room inside. The Four-Door, which has a 109.9-inch wheelbase, seats five adults. And there's about 13 cubic feet of trunk space. Four adults fit comfortably into the Two-Door, which has a 103-inch wheelbase and about 11 cubic feet of trunk space.

Full-width bench seats are standard in both models. They're trimmed in attractive striped cloth and vinyl upholstery. The interior also includes 12-ounce color-keyed cut-pile carpeting, integral-type arm rests with door pull assist handles, and color-keyed steering wheel and column.

Optional reclining bucket seats are available on both models this year. The package includes deluxe door trim, deluxe steering wheel, deluxe color-keyed belts and rear seat ash tray. Standard seating surface for the bucket seats is durable, easy-to-clean vinyl. Colorful plaid cloth trim is optional.

Front disc brakes and a foot-operated parking brake have been added as standard equipment this year. Maverick also is equipped with solid-state ignition, which helps reduce scheduled maintenance. Also standard: door-operated courtesy light, lockable glove box and DirectAire ventilation

system. The Two-Door Sedan features flipper rear quarter windows.

Several option groups are available for dressing up your Maverick. If you like the sporty look, try the new Stallion Group. It's proof that a small car can still be a head-turner. Five eye-catching exterior colors are available: silver metallic, bright red, bright yellow, polar white and extra-cost silver blue glow. The Stallion Group also includes black grille and moldings, a special black paint/tape treatment, dual outside color-keyed mirrors, styled steel wheels, raised white letter tires and handling suspension. Decals on the front fenders identify the Stallion Two-Door.

Stallion's standard interior features a bench seat with black random striped cloth and vinyl upholstery (all-vinyl trim is optional). For real sportiness, Stallion offers optional all-vinyl bucket seats.

Two popular—and low cost—option packages that will add something extra to your Maverick are the Exterior Decor Group and Interior Decor Group.

The Exterior Decor Group comprises these features: black vinyl insert bodyside moldings, bright window frames and belt moldings, bodyside accent paint stripe (or bodyside/roof accent paint stripes on Two-Door Sedans with optional

vinyl roof), and distinctively styled wheel covers. With the Interior Decor Group, buyers have their choice of rich brocade pattern cloth and vinyl seat trim or pleated all-vinyl. Completing the package are deluxe door trim panels, deluxe steering wheel, rear seat ash tray, deluxe color-keyed belts and sound package.

Maverick's most elegant appearance package, the Luxury Decor Option, has been upgraded for 1976. It includes both interior and exterior touches. Some of the exterior features are a vinyl roof, tinted glass, wide color-keyed vinyl-insert bodyside molding, bright window frame and belt moldings, left-hand remote-control chrome outside mirror, hood ornament, hood and bodyside paint stripes, deluxe wheel covers and white sidewall tires.

Highlighting the interior, which is available as a separate option, are reclining independent seats with vinyl upholstery (plaid cloth optional), 18-ounce cut-pile carpeting, padded door panels, inside day/night mirror, dome/dual beam map light, woodtone applique on the instrument panel, deluxe steering wheel, deluxe color-keyed belts and sound package. An attractive two-tone paint option is available with the Luxury Decor Option. It consists of special paint

STRETCH YOUR GAS MILEAGE *Avoid changes in speed as much as possible. Constant speeds produce the best mpg.*

treatment on the lower bodyside and rear deck area.

Optional vinyl roof offerings have been revised this year. A $\frac{3}{4}$ -style vinyl roof is available on the Two-Door Sedan, while the Four-Door can be ordered with a "Halo" vinyl roof.

Maverick's comfort and convenience options include power front disc brakes, power steering, decklid luggage rack, SelectAir Conditioner, and space saver spare tire. For your listening pleasure, there's a variety of Aeronutronic Ford radios available. All are

factory-installed, have 100 percent solid-state chassis, variable tone control and full-fidelity sound. Topping the list this year are two new sound systems: an AM radio with tape player and an AM/FM stereo radio with tape player.

Maverick models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Stallion Group, Deluxe Bumper Group, forged aluminum wheels, Luxury Decor Interior, Interior Decor Group, Luxury Decor Option, cloth seat trim, floor shift, lower bodyside paint. □



Right: Interior Decor Group with pleated vinyl upholstery. Below: Plaid cloth seat trim is available with Luxury Decor Option. Below left: Maverick Four-Door Sedan with Luxury Decor Option



Beware the



Muds of March

by Zibby Oneal

illustrations by Larry McManus

MARCH IS the orphan of the year, a tattered and malnourished month that nobody wants. In the Roman calendar, it was the first month, just as it was in England until the 18th century. That must have given it a little style. Now it is just another month. We live through it.

Old snow lingers in patches under hedges and in the crotches of elms. Dingy. Mixed with scraps of January newspaper advertising sales, chewing gum wrappers, soggy





leaves. It would be better if the sky would open and drop another foot of snow to cover it up. But who can stand more snow in March?

Spring begins in March but, as with most beginnings, this is clearer in retrospect. In March you must be a diviner to read the signs. They are subtle. But they are there.

Mornings the sidewalk puddles are thinly skinned with ice, reflecting cold pink light. In February an iced-over puddle would support the weight of a full-grown man, but in March you are walking on crystal. A child's boot, gingerly placed, cracks the surface. Noise like a gunshot and the boot sinks an inch into ice water. This is a sign of spring if you bother to notice.

There is wind, of course. Like Chicago, March is famous for it. It is blowing winter away, though you'd never know it to listen to it souging in the trees at night. Shelley said, "March with grief doth howl and rave." True. In the still-dark hours of the morning it is a widow-wind. At dawn it will throw a handful of rain or sleet or snow against the bedroom window and, in the house, the furnace will groan into action.

When there is a single day of sun every optimist in town begins hanging out her sheets to dry. Children come home jacketless for lunch. Puddles turn liquid and lawns grow luscious with mud.

Long ago someone said that a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom. Mothers know why. There *isn't* any dust in March. Just mud. Mud on boots and jackets and knees. Mud on carpet and kitchen floor. Wet mud, dry mud and mud just drying on slipcovers and dogs and repairmen's shoes. Optimists at length bring the sheets in, frozen stiff as matzos, and even they leave a trail of mud drying on the much-mopped linoleum.

On this same sunny day the shirtsleeved children bring out a baseball after school. Sliding and falling in mud they try to play. They come home with colds. In March everyone has a cold. Vaporizers steam in houses gone stale with winter cooking and the air is rattled with sneezes.

At twilight, after even a sunny day, the wind picks up, whipping trash against lamp posts. It skids across puddles, glazing them again, and stiffens the mud. It shakes storm windows, streaked with winter, and blows down chimneys, sending the ashes of old fires floating. It moans.

This month anyone who says spring is coming seems crazier than a March hare, but sniff the wind. It isn't the same as the wind of January. March wind is damp with promises. Notice the thin-skinned ice on puddles. Observe the mud. Spring things.

In a sheltered corner against the house, poking up through dirty snow, are snowdrops. After supper there is still pink light in the west. And in the early morning, late in March, the birds begin to sing. □





Collecting Sheet Music

by T. J. McCauley

photos by Don Rockhey

PEOPLE COLLECT sheet music for many reasons, primarily for the music itself, the lyrics, and/or the illustrations, but I knew a man who collected it to wallpaper his den—and he did. Wanting to collect it is reason enough, almost a requirement if the proper aesthetic reward is to be derived. The collector spends many happy hours with his collection, arranging it, preserving it, and savoring the numerous memories it evokes; and friends, neighbors and relatives, paging through it (when invited), are pleasantly surprised by twinges of nostalgia when a song fondly remembered, a singer once appreciated, an era of childhood or youth, is suddenly before their eyes.

I have a collection of more than 7,000 pieces of sheet music of the 1900-1919 era—the Golden Age of sheet music, the time of Anna Held, Nora Bayes, Fanny Brice and the Gibson girl; the time of the Ziegfeld Follies and Ernest

Ball, George M. Cohan, Victor Herbert, Jerome Kern and Irving Berlin; the time of World War I and early movies, airplanes, automobiles; the time of all the aspects of Americana which developed during the first two decades of the 20th century.

A beginner would be wise to limit his collection at first to a small area of a specific era. Any of the subjects I have already mentioned could be an interesting specialty but, at this late date, they would not only be most difficult to collect but almost impossible to complete.

Nothing should be ignored. If a collection of George M. Cohan is intended but an early piece of Irving Berlin is found, do not reject it, especially if it is a bargain. In the natural way of things, collectors of sheet music meet others (some even marry), and what is more natural when such people meet (or marry) than to talk of trades? "I'll give you two Sophie

Tuckers for one Pearl White"—and who will deny that two Sophie Tuckers represent an awesomely large block of trading material?

The financial aspect must be considered and the laws of supply and demand, but, if the search is enjoyed and completeness not expected, the financial outlay need not be large and supply need be considered only one more obstacle to overcome. There will be other obstacles—for instance, competition—but what is sport without competition?

When first published in 1913, *Peg O' My Heart* was just another popular song, but it survived and can be heard from time to time even today. Hearing it today is much easier than locating it in its pristine first-edition form as sheet music. The song is now sought not only by collectors of sheet music but (to complicate matters) falls into the category generally called Irish-American memorabilia, which embraces a horde of collectors in every state in the Union. Also, because Laurette Taylor's photograph graces the sheet music, collectors of sheet music must grapple with movie buffs for possession and, as everyone knows, movie buffs are ruthless and will do anything to acquire what they desire.

Things were different once, I assume. In the days when songs were sung by family and friends around pianos, collecting

sheet music may have been less hectic. More was available, at least, and if I am not mistaken, more stores sold old sheet music at bargain prices. Today what was once flung onto the cut-rate table has become a business in itself—not *big* business but large enough to eliminate the impecunious collector.

For instance, the financial value of an original edition of George M. Cohan's *Over There* (1917) has risen enormously, and a later edition illustrated by Norman Rockwell has soared. Earl Carroll's *What's Happened to Mary* (1917), a forgotten song (no one even cares today what happened to her), is more valuable than it would ordinarily be because "Mary," as depicted on the sheet music, is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson, who created the famous Gibson girl that influenced an entire generation of Americans. The sheet music of Victor Herbert's *Little Nemo* (1908) has been enhanced in value by the illustrations of Windsor McCay, and the songs from L. Frank Baum's *The Tik-Tok Man of Oz* (1908) are enjoying in their sheet music form a rush from the collectors of *Wonderful Wizard*.

The beginner should realize that, when he steps into the mainstream of collecting sheet music, he is stepping into a current which becomes more engulfing (and attractive) the further he wades. My purpose is not to dissuade him. If past experience portends future



potential, I expect the collector will not allow himself to be dissuaded, especially since sheet music can be found.

If money is at hand, the collector may find what he desires by placing ads in the proper newspapers, magazines and journals. He might locate entrepreneurs who specialize in sheet music. If he buys from them, of course, he must expect to pay not only for the sheet music but for the hours and days and months the entrepreneurs have dedicated to learning, starting and operating their businesses.

If the collector must be more careful of his pennies (as most must), he may prowl the flea markets or he may devise a route from Salvation Army to Goodwill to junk store or wherever sheet music may be on sale but priced low. If a piano seat or cabinet is seen in a junk store, I suggest that it be opened: Sheet music is sometimes found there—just where the owner left it in 1922 or 1932. Auctions of old homes have proven good hunting grounds—and an enjoyable way to spend an afternoon. In time, by one means or another, a collection will be gathered.

The collector may wish to travel a well-trod path or a little known byway. He may decide to collect songs by Frank Sinatra or songs about teddy bears—with or without songs about Teddy Roosevelt after whom the teddy bear was named. If more of a chal-

lenge is desired, the collector may decide to acquire one song from each year in the century—76 songs to date. Or (to simplify matters) a song from each of the years of a specified era—the 1900-1919 era, for instance:

- 1900 *A Bird in a Gilded Cage*
 - 1901 *Mighty Lak' a Rose*
 - 1902 *In the Good Old Summer Time*
 - 1903 *Sweet Adeline*
 - 1904 *Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis*
 - 1905 *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*
 - 1906 *Sunbonnet Sue*
 - 1907 *Heart of My Heart*
 - 1908 *Shine On, Harvest Moon*
 - 1909 *Put On Your Old Grey Bonnet*
 - 1910 *Let Me Call You Sweet-heart*
 - 1911 *Oh You Beautiful Doll*
 - 1912 *My Melancholy Baby*
 - 1913 *Ballin' the Jack*
 - 1914 *By the Beautiful Sea*
 - 1915 *Memories*
 - 1916 *If I Were the Only Girl in the World*
 - 1917 *Hail! Hail! The Gang's All Here!*
 - 1918 *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*
 - 1919 *Swanee*
- What would the collector do after he has collected one song from each of the years between 1899 and 1920? Why, he would start searching for the second ones, then the third, then . . . □

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

Open House—Visitors to Oklahoma City can now tour the famous Heritage House at 201 Northwest 14th Street. A fully restored Greek Revival mansion, the home was a gift to the Oklahoma Heritage Association from State Supreme Court Justice R. A. Hefner. Filled with priceless antiques from European palaces, the home is open Monday through Saturday 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and on Sunday and holidays from 1 to 5 p.m. The admission price includes a guide-directed tour of the mansion, a visit to the third floor gallery which houses the Oklahoma Hall of Fame and a walk through the Anthony Oklahoma Heritage Gardens surrounding the house.

Appalachian Handwork—If you're interested in authentic homemade craft items, including such things as sunbonnets, lye soap, mountain dulcimers, cedar butter churns and patchwork quilts, a visit to Abingdon, Virginia, will be worthwhile. There, some 200 Appalachia-area men and women display their handwork through a unique nonprofit cooperative. And each Memorial Day weekend (this year May 28 to 31) the group celebrates its annual "Spring Sampler" when members come to town to demonstrate their various skills and display their latest patterns and wares at the member-owned Cave House Craft Shop, 279 East Main in Abingdon.

Camper's Aid—Camping areas from the wild Chattooga River to the Atlantic seashore in South Carolina are outlined in a new 14-page, free camping guide published by the Palmetto State Division of Tourism. Included in the brochure is a listing of more than 16,000 campsites at 28 state parks, 85 commercial campgrounds and 23 federal camping areas together with a map which pinpoints each location. Copies of "Mountains, Beaches, Lakes and Other Places to Camp in South Carolina" may be obtained by writing: South Carolina Division of Tourism, P. O. Box 71-Z, Columbia, South Carolina 29202.

The Turn



of The Ewe

In wildlife photography, everything is fair game,
including the person behind the camera

by James Tallon

illustrations by Bruce Bond

ON A YELLOW DAWN in the southern Arizona desert, Bob Hirsch and I were trying to lure coyotes in for pictures. I was cloaked in a cocoon of camouflage netting, with the single glass eye of a 400mm telephoto lens peering from it; and Bob, partially hidden behind the trunk of a weathered ironwood tree, blasted on his predator call. In seconds I heard a crashing and saw a full-grown male coyote aimed directly for Bob's back. It was licking its lips.

I swung the camera to frame the animal, and the slight rustling of the camouflage material caused it to do a direction-changing two-step. I became the new target. The coyote came at me so fast that I never did get it in focus. When it was about six feet from me, I let out a loud "Yaaaaa!" The coyote's expression turned to pure shock. Did its eyes cross? It vaulted four feet straight up with legs spread wide, reminding me of Wile E. Coyote of cartoon fame, then rotated 180 degrees while still in the air and arced into the brush like a

faulty rocket. Bob fell apart in laughter. He had been watching the whole event from the corner of an eye. I started laughing, too, but mostly from relief. Once again I had experienced some wild moments with wildlife.

Though I often photograph such scenic wonders as Yellowstone, Glacier and Grand Canyon national parks—and relish every minute of it—it is the wildlife of North America that intrigues me most.

Photographing some wildlife is a calculated risk, and despite my cautiousness I have been "charged" by a variety of species. Although the coyote certainly thought he was going to lunch, most of the other animals were not really attacking. For example, a javelina with characteristically poor eyesight nearly bowled me over, but merely because it sought escape and I stupidly stood in its path.

One of the genuine charges I remember best occurred near Mount Washburn in Yellowstone Park. I was driving northward when I spotted a cow moose and its calf

in a small, rain-freshened meadow. It was summer and in seconds there was the usual scene of cars and curious spectators. Thinking commercially, I was sure I could sell a picture of the moose if I had people standing in the background. I made a wide half-circle around the pair to the edge of the forest behind them, and took several pictures. Then the calf saw me and



trotted my way like a friendly dog. Aware that few wildlife mothers can get more irate than cow moose when they think their young are threatened, I tried frantically to scare away the calf. The cow raised its head from feeding and misinterpreted my arm waving. It came at me like a locomotive.

While heading for the nearest tree, I tripped and went flying into the underbrush. I expected a half

ton of female moose to start pounding me into the earth, but the cow had stopped at the forest's edge, apparently startled by the gymnastics I had just performed. The crowd's laughter echoed across the meadow. It had been a good show and in a few minutes I was grinning myself.

Although I love most species of wildlife, I prefer to photograph big game. My favorite is the pronghorn antelope, a beautiful and graceful animal. When I was getting started in wildlife photography, I lived at the Grand Canyon. Several herds of handsome antelope were situated in the flatlands about 25 miles south. One day, between Buck Tank and Redland, I saw a band of about 30 of the animals. They were three-quarters of a mile away—right in the middle of the dirt road I was traveling. With a mind's eye full of antelope pictures, I increased the speed of my pickup truck to close the gap. The antelope, with their fantastic vision, had seen me long before I saw them. But instead of running away, they turned toward me and ran right by. I whipped the truck into a fast U-turn and took off in pursuit. They slowed down as if waiting for me to catch up. When I got close, they increased their speed, but no more than necessary to hold the lead. The speedometer said 40 miles per hour and it was all the truck and I could take on that chuck-holed road.

Suddenly, there was another par-

ticipant in the game. A coyote, who had been watching the action from a rise in the prairie, found himself in the path of the herd. Foolishly, he tried to outrun them and disappeared in a cloud of dust, sagebrush, tumbleweeds and pistoning legs. He reappeared behind them, miraculously in one piece and surely confused. As he skidaddled for safer parts, the antelope, tired of the game, went their own way.

One of my most elusive subjects has been the Rocky Mountain goat. In Glacier National Park one October, I spotted about 20 of them approximately 2,000 feet up the near-vertical slope of a mountain near Swiftcurrent Lake. I climbed after them and about two-thirds of the way there, leaned against a rock outcropping, sucking in the cold, thin air. For the first time, I became sharply aware that I was more than half-way through the fifth decade of my life. I never got the goat close-ups I had planned. They craftily kept several hundred yards away, too far even for my 400mm lens. But they were indirectly responsible for one of my most pleasant wildlife experiences.

As I wearily descended by a less tedious route, I paused in an angled, brown grass meadow to eat lunch. Using the camera lens for a telescope, I glassed the perimeter and found several bighorn ewes and a lamb coming my way. In minutes I was able to shoot frame-filling close-ups of them with a normal

lens. They grazed about me, often no more than four feet away. I was fascinated by their nearness. The lamb came close enough for me to touch it and sniffed at me; the mother disapproved and butted it away. Then they all resumed snipping at the seedheads of grass and circling me. I felt I was being judged. When a ewe contentedly settled Sphinx-like a few yards away, I as-



sumed the verdict was favorable.

After 45 minutes, the sheep were still with me. Then, remembering I had been gone half a day and that I had a wife, daughter and Brittany spaniel waiting below, I stood up very slowly to prevent shattering the spell and walked away. Just before I dropped below a ridge I turned and looked at the sheep for the last time. They were all watching me, even the lamb, just the way good friends do when you leave. □



Sal

San Francisco Sourdough:

The Best Bread in the World

by William E. Paul

photos by Don Rockey



ON COSTA ZMAY'S first visit to San Francisco he took his wife to Fisherman's Wharf for lunch.

"Our waiter brought a basket of bread to the table," he recalls. "It was the best looking French bread I'd ever seen. I couldn't wait to try it, so I pulled off a hunk, buttered it and took a big bite.

"Then I told my wife, 'Blanche, watch out for the bread—it bites.' "

And, like most novice sourdough samplers, once bitten, Zmay couldn't get enough of the bread. It wasn't long before he sold his home in the East to pursue a baking career in San Francisco. Today, as vice president of Parisian, San Francisco's largest sourdough bread producer, he praises this city's famous, tart staff of life.

"Give slices of sourdough to 10 people and you'll get 10 different reactions," says Zmay. But more important to Parisian and the 10 other major sourdough bread bakers in the Bay area, they'll have made at least a half dozen converts.

What's so special about a hard-crust bread that showers crumbs all over anyone who eats it?

"Taste," booms Zmay. "San Francisco sourdough can't be duplicated. Nobody can copy it. They can't come up with the flavor."

Zmay credits the tongue-tingling taste to atmospheric conditions. Whatever the cause, the bread, according to San Francisco's Convention and Visitors Bureau, rates in popularity with the cable car, the Golden Gate Bridge and Chinatown.

Many gourmets consider San Francisco sourdough the best bread in the world—ranking it ahead of the brioche of Paris, the pumpernickels, ryes and black bread of Eastern Europe, and, would you believe, New York City's bagel.

Even the French, who have been known to look with disdain on American cuisine, bow to sourdough. After a visit, the co-publisher of France's influential travel and gastronomical magazine, *Gault-Millau*, had this to say: "San Francisco is the only big city in the United States where a Frenchman can live happily. Even the bread—well-baked, well-leavened and well-salted—reminds him of his motherland."

Sourdough, shaped into long slender loaves, fat ovals and plump rounds, is turned out at the rate of 400,000 pounds

a day in the city (except when the bakeries close on Wednesday and Sunday). And area bakers admit they're having a hard time keeping up with the bulging demand.

It wasn't always so. When Parisian and other bakeries started as "mom and pop" operations in the late 1850s, the bread was baked at home and sold door-to-door. Some credit these early family enterprises with introducing French sourdough to San Francisco residents. They say the bakers brought the bread with them from their native Basque region of France. Others claim the bread got its start and name from prospectors called "sourdoughs" who rushed to the Yukon and Alaska in the gold strikes at the turn of the century. With them came the legendary leather pouches of bread "starter" they wore around their necks. This food source was guarded as closely as gold. The starter—a form of natural dry yeast—resulted from mixing flour, salt and water. When it was exposed to the San Francisco elements, "it went wild and sourdough bread was born."

Bakers say a microorganism they've named "lacto bacillus San Franciscus" is what gives the Bay bread its zest. And, they boast, the organism thrives only in the San Francisco area. Adds Zmay, "We set up a sourdough bread bakery in Tokyo. Although we used our starter, the Japanese loaves don't have the exact San Francisco flavor."

This mysterious bacterium has even managed to elude modern science. Zmay enjoys telling how the Department of Agriculture spent several thousand dollars looking for the organism. "After two years a researcher claimed to have isolated a 'bug' he said was responsible. He told the press that he'd be able to ship test tubes of the flavor all over the world. So far nothing has happened. I think he bit off more than he could chew."

Of course, some of sourdough's country-wide popularity is due to former San Francisco residents who miss their daily ration. However, sales experts believe it's the tourist who is spreading the good news. "He brings his family here and they discover the bread," says Zmay. "It's only natural they want to take a couple of loaves home to share with relatives."

Area bakers make it easy for out-of-towners to find the bread. For example, loaves in all shapes and sizes are stacked sky-high on stands along Fisherman's Wharf. Boudin, the

oldest sourdough bakery in the city, even operates a branch on the wharf where visitors watch the bread being made behind large glass display windows.

All major West Coast airports market sourdough. It isn't unusual to spot an Easterner or Midwesterner struggling to board a 747—his or her shopping bag filled with fresh loaves.

The bread's ingredients—flour, water and salt—prove the value of simplicity. Each morning, long before the first cable car begins to climb Nob Hill, sourdough bakers all over the city don their aprons to turn this simple-sounding formula into award-winning bread.

At the heart of every loaf is the starter. It was first added to Parisian dough back in 1856. Since then it has been passed on by saving a portion of each day's dough for use in the following day's batch. Two of the bakeries—Parisian and Larraburu—not only keep their bread formulas secret, but have a second starter stashed in a hideaway.

Every loaf of sourdough is hand-shaped, and slow-baked in a hearth oven at nearly 500°. During the baking, a huge amount of steam is injected into the oven, causing the natural sugar in the high-protein flour to caramelize and form the familiar crisp, golden-brown crust.

A loaf of sourdough will stay fresh for a week. Some have lasted a lot longer, according to Zmay. "We received a letter from a New Jersey housewife who bought two loaves to take back east. When she got home she and her husband ate one loaf and put the other in the freezer. They forgot about it until seven months later when they were ready to drive to Colorado on vacation. So they tossed it into a cooler along with some other food. After several nights, the couple took the bread out and let it warm up in the sun most of the day. They ate it that evening and she swears it was still good."

Zmay and his bakery are working to make certain that the New Jersey housewife and other sourdough fanciers don't have to trek to San Francisco everytime they yearn for a slice of their favorite bread. His company recently began marketing frozen loaves in several large cities.

Frozen sourdough is great. But there's nothing like eating sourdough in San Francisco. How can anything equal sitting down to an elegant dinner on Nob Hill in your finest attire and covering yourself with bread crumbs? □



The Great Fuel Economy Myth

MOST AMERICANS share the belief that foreign automakers have done a better job on fuel economy than U. S. manufacturers. Just look at the figures, they say.

Ford looked at the figures and determined this about the superiority of foreign cars: It's a myth.

It's a myth because comparing foreign cars as a class with American cars as a class doesn't mean anything. The size, weight and power of foreign cars are generally much less than those of U. S. cars. To match them on an overall basis is, as the saying goes, like "comparing apples and oranges."

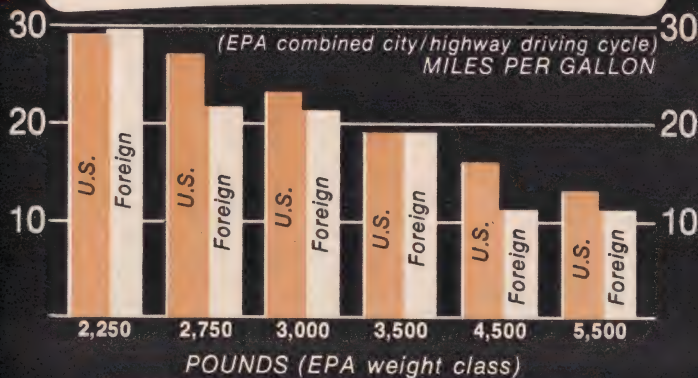
Meaningful fuel economy comparisons can be made, however, by matching cars in the same inertia weight classes. Inertia weight includes the vehicle, gas and two average-size (150-pound) passengers. The 1976-model cars fit into 10 different weight classes; six of the classes contain both domestic and foreign models.

Ford averaged the combined city/highway ratings of gasoline-powered cars certified for sale in all states except California (ratings for California cars are different, due to the state's emission-control requirements). The company relied on individual test results used by the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) to prepare the September 1975 edition of its Gas Mileage Guide.

Here's what Ford found: U. S. cars are superior in four of the six classes, with the advantage ranging from 1.9 to 5.6 miles per gallon. Foreign and American automakers are equal in the fifth class, and foreign cars have an edge of .4 miles per gallon in the sixth.

Two Ford cars are tops in their categories, and another is a co-leader. The best in the 2,750-pound class is the Pinto Pony MPG. Equipped with a 2.3 liter, four-cylinder engine and four-speed manual transmission, this car has a

In four of the six weight classes permitting comparison, gas mileage of U. S. cars is, on the average, superior to that of foreign cars



Source: EPA Federal certification data for gasoline-powered cars as of Sept. 12, 1975

combined city/highway estimate of 29 miles per gallon. Ford's popular Granada tops the 3,500-pound class; with a 200-CID Six and manual transmission its estimate is 25 miles per gallon. In the 3,000-pound class, a Pinto MPG with 2.3-liter engine and four-speed manual is

co-leader with an estimate of 28 miles per gallon.

Of course, these are EPA estimates. Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment. □



The Jelly Lover's Friend



IT WAS a soft spring day when I drove into Union Church, Mississippi. State Highway 28 is a two-lane road with little traffic and plenty of opportunities to pull over and inspect the wild flowers that abound on both sides of the road. Picturesque small farms with cattle can be seen all along the route, and occasionally a modern brick suburban-type home presents itself surprisingly to view.

The town of Union Church, first settled in 1806, is a tiny, pleasant community between Jackson and Natchez. The first settlers were Scottish Presbyterians, and it was their church, established in 1817, that gave the village its name. At first glance there seems very little to distinguish this town from dozens of others in the South—or even in the North. What makes it worth a visit are the fine antique shops,

several historic buildings and, of course, the gustatory delights of Alyne Stroud's Restaurant.

Union Church is there before you know it, and Stroud's Restaurant is easy to find, just inside the town limits. I parked my car and went in late on a Saturday afternoon. The lady behind the counter smiled a greeting and continued folding napkins around silverware. I told her I wanted to buy some jelly and she indicated the shelves in front of the window where row after row of brightly colored jars were stacked.

I looked at the labels: persimmon butter, tomato jam, corn cob jelly, cauliflower mixed pickles, rose petal jelly, pear honey, "ole fashion" chow chow, quince jam, camellia jelly, azalea jelly, cantaloupe conserve, and other scrumptious sounding delicacies. I chose a jar each of pyracantha jelly, quince jam, and rose petal jelly and brought her my selections. "Will that be all?" she asked, her tone indicating that rarely if ever did anyone purchase just three kinds of jelly. I found myself seated at the counter ordering coffee and homemade apple pie.

Behind me the door opened and a man came in with his little boy. "Howdy, Miss Alyne!" he said.

"Hello, Mr. Smith," she beamed, "you're all red in the face. You

must have been mowing somebody's lawn!"

"No, ma'am," he grinned, sitting down at the counter. "I just been playin' some handball with this boy here."

I looked at the boy, some seven or eight years of age, who kept wiping the moisture from his forehead with a grimy hand.

"Yessum," his father was continuing, "we could sure use something tall and cold about now."

Mrs. Stroud placed two gigantic soft drinks where they could be easily reached, and she and Mr. Smith began talking politics and religion, happily oblivious to the rule that says you don't discuss such things in public. The boy gulped down his drink and had finished his second glass of water when his father rose to leave.

"Guess you'd better give me some hot pepper jelly, Miss Alyne," Mr. Smith said.

She reached briskly towards the shelf over the coffee pot. "You want a large one or a small one?" she asked.

"Now, you know better'n that," he replied, "I can't afford a big one. You better give me the smallest one you have."

She quickly added up the amount, and held out her hand for the money. He gave her, among other coins, three half dollars. "Look at that," she exclaimed, fingering them. "You don't see too many of them all at once. You must've broken

into that boy's gumball bank this mornin'."

The boy spoke up for the first time. "I don't have half dollars in my bank." He was serious, determined that Mrs. Stroud be set straight on this important subject.

She waved them out the door, then returned her attention to me. Did a lot of out-of-town people come here? Oh yes, she said, they come from all over the country and some foreign places. And they always order more jams and jellies after they get home. Some days, she said, she and her helpers cook as many as 300 jars of jelly.

It was in 1955 when it all started, during a fund drive for one of the town churches. She was chairman of the drive and began selling her pickles, jellies, and preserves to meet her goal. After the successful fund raising, people kept on coming back for more of her goodies. Many of the ingredients come from her garden; and others—such as azaleas, roses and pyracanthas—come from her neighbors'. Some of the recipes are her own, others were contributed by friends, and still others are clipped from newspapers and magazines.

She has two helpers in the preparation of the jellies, but she does the major cooking herself. Assisting in the restaurant is a long-time faithful friend, Mrs. Leota Smith, who was not there the day I dropped in. Preparation of all the unusual goodies is a complicated

matter, Mrs. Stroud said, and finding the necessary ingredients can be a problem. Her storeroom is nearly always stacked with jars of vegetables and fruits and crates of fresh produce. The workroom is also packed with ingredients and jars of concoctions ready for sale. She has seven freezers in the room filled with frozen fruits and vegetables and homemade pies.

A guest register reveals names of customers from Paris, London, South America, Mexico and most states in the nation. During a year's duration, it is not unusual for Mrs. Stroud to ship 1,500 dozen or more jars of jellies, jams and pickles to

people all over the country who have either stopped at her restaurant or have heard about it.

I asked whether she had lived there all her life. No, she said, she is a native of Clarksdale, Mississippi, and first came to Union Church in 1945 with her husband. "The Lord directed us here," she said. It was a hot summer day when they arrived, and "we drove up under this big old tree in the yard—the storms have gotten it since—and I told him, 'We're moving down here.'" Mr. Stroud, who since has died, operated a service station. His wife began her restaurant business not too long after-



ward and has been cooking up friends ever since.

A warm, friendly, thoroughly likable person who makes delectable jellies and jams, that's Alyne Stroud. And it seems that the only

way you will be able to taste any of them is to go by there; or drop her a letter. She has watermelon pickles, fresh mint jelly, crisp pickled squash, tart plum jelly, hot pepper sauce, peach jam . . . □

Something Special from Mrs. Stroud's Kitchen

Smothered Chicken

- 1 large frying chicken*
- Salt and pepper*
- 1 can cream of chicken soup, undiluted*
- 1/2 cup canned broken mushroom pieces and liquid*
- 1/2 cup water*
- 2 tablespoons parsley flakes*
- 1 teaspoon lemon juice*
- 1 tablespoon soy sauce*

Cut up fryer and season with salt and pepper. Combine remaining ingredients and pour over chicken pieces. Cover pan with foil and bake at 350° until tender. Remove foil, drain gravy. Return chicken to the oven for a few minutes. Thicken gravy by adding a little cornstarch dissolved in water.

Marinated Carrots

- 1 can bisque of tomato soup, undiluted*
- 1/2 cup cider vinegar*
- 1 cup sugar*
- 3/4 cup salad oil*
- 1 tablespoon dry mustard*
- 2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce*
- 5 cups sliced, cooked carrots*
- 1 raw onion, sliced in rings*
- 2 green peppers, sliced*

Combine soup, vinegar, sugar, oil, mustard and Worcestershire. Bring to a boil and pour over carrots. Add sliced onion and peppers, stir well. Keep covered in

refrigerator overnight before serving. Drain to serve cold as a relish, or heat for a vegetable course.

Never-Fail Biscuits

Mix together 1 cup warm water, 2 packages of yeast and 3 tablespoons sugar. When yeast dissolves, add 3/4 cup salad oil, 2 cups buttermilk and 1 teaspoon soda and mix well. Add 5 cups *self-rising* flour. Put in a covered bowl for a few hours or overnight. Stir slightly and dip out with a spoon onto a floured board. Work with hand to form a biscuit. Bake at 450° for 10-12 minutes or until golden brown. Remaining dough can be kept, covered, in refrigerator for a week.

Hot Pepper Jelly

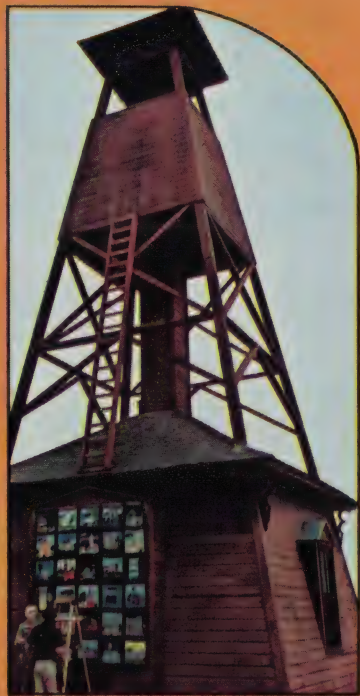
- 3/4 cup finely ground green pepper*
- 1/4 cup finely ground hot, red chili or jalapeno pepper*
- 6-ounce bottle of Certo*
- 1 1/4 cups apple cider vinegar*
- 6 1/2 cups sugar*

Few drops green food coloring

Combine peppers, vinegar and sugar and bring to a rolling boil. Add Certo and bring back to boiling for about 3-4 minutes. Add a few drops of food coloring. Take off stove and continue to stir for several minutes. Seal in jars.

We're Going Back to the Quilting Bee

story and photos by Dolly Connelly



ONCE AGAIN, American women are making bed quilts. This seems strange in the day of Women's Lib until it is recalled that this 17th-to-19th-century American folk art was done by women when all other handicrafts were the exclusive province of men. Quilting is a woman's art, as much today as it was 250 years ago when lonely rural homemakers used up precious scraps of handloomed material to make warm bed covers.

Often these patchwork, "white-work" or elaborately embroidered "workt" coverlets were the only beautiful furnishings in humble frontier cabins. There were accepted patterns, known by many names in different settlements, but quilting was a highly personal form of artistic expression.

Remarked one elderly quilter as she ran her fingers over a stylized pattern of appliqued bits of the dresses of loved friends, family wedding gowns, velvet from a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, baby christening robes, a girl's first long taffeta dance dress and striped silk cravats:

"My whole life is in this quilt. When I was a girl, our first fine needlework was the applique and embroidery of the blocks. A girl announced her engagement by having a quilting bee at which all the blocks were brought forth, fitted together and quilted for the marriage bed."

Any art intimately bound to the

history of a country was sure to reappear. The present revival is thought to date from 1924, with the opening of the American Wing of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. For the first time it was seen that American needlework, sometimes the labor of a lifetime and containing thousands of pieces in flowing line rhythm and artistic form, was as exotic as Peruvian and Coptic hangings. Quilts became collectors' and museums' treasures.

Worn by pharaohs

The earliest quilted garment known appears on a statue of an Egyptian pharaoh. Warm quilted clothing has been worn for centuries in China. Quilting was popular in Europe as early as the 11th century. Brought to the New World by English and Dutch colonists, it withstood the machine age to become a peculiarly American art. In the early 17th century Lord Baltimore warned those coming to the "cold New World" to "take one rug for a bed and a coarse rug to use at sea."

The American crazy quilt evolved accidentally. Warm bedding was an absolute necessity in colonial homes. Original surfaces generally were handwoven linen. When worn spots developed, they were patched from the scrap bag until the basic linen topping disappeared between overlapping patches of "flowered callicoe" from India, "chaming

chints" and recycled scraps of old garments. Interest never has lagged in country districts, particularly in Kentucky and Tennessee where the method has undergone little change. A thin layer of wool, goosedown or cotton batting is sandwiched between two layers of cloth. The edges are sewn together and the mat stretched flat on a wooden frame. Patterned stitching then joins top and bottom, holding the lining in place. Embroidery techniques on blocks include crewel work, flame-stitch, cross stitch, needlepoint, seed, buttonhole, overcasting stitch, even whole pictures done in French knots.

The basic pattern may range from the re-creation of great moments in history to charming picture stories of birds and animals in microscopic stitches for a baby's crib quilt. The quilting bee, final assemblage of the coverlet, still brings women together for a day of sociality.

American women now are reviving the 17th century jupon, a great swirl of quilted skirt at times four yards around. Quilting long has been favored for winter sports apparel, children's snowsuits, cushion covers, stoles, hand bags and toys. The county fair quilt exhibition is a strong factor in revival, developing competition in use of silks and velvets, embroidery and hand-painting. Quaint generic pattern names again are in widespread use, including charmers such as Double

Monkey Wrench, Churn Dash, Log Cabin and Swallows in the Window.

The star quilt is easily the most popular, followed by a vast variety of flower patterns—Rose of Sharon is particularly favored for brides. The sun motif, Biblical themes, Scripture quilts, friendship quilts in which each signed block is made by one needlewoman, album quilts made by ladies of a church congregation for the pastor's wife, freedom quilts given to young men upon attaining the 21st birthday, all may be displayed at county fairs. No two are exactly the same.

Rosebud masterpiece

Some are nationally famous. The Rosebud Quilt, made in 1772 by the great-great-grandmother of the present owner, is a cherished example of handcrafts. Every step in its construction was tedious, from picking seed out of cotton batting used for the filling to each process of carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, piecing and quilting. Such masterpieces of loving hands now are valued at many thousands of dollars.

Real aristocrats are the quilts of finely embroidered appliqué, now in strong revival as community fund-raising projects in towns like historic Port Townsend, Washington. A gem of history on the Olympic Peninsula, Port Townsend lives in the Victorian era, its 19th century homes and buildings beautifully restored and maintained down





to the last detail of trivet and grandfather clock, widow's walk and gazebo. Here the ladies produce and raffle off a quilt every six months. The city and region provide the themes: stitched pictures of historic homes and buildings (with each square containing the name of the building and the date it was constructed), impressions of native wild flowers and trees.

The current finished quilt, a "workt spread" known as the Trees for Port Townsend Heritage Quilt,

is financing a community Bicentennial effort. Other quilts have established scholarship funds to trade schools and colleges for high school graduates and learners of all ages. Estimated time spent—all donated, as are most materials—is 4,000 hours per quilt, at least 100 hours for each of 30 blocks. In the tradition of the gift quilt, product of many hands, each square is signed in embroidery by its donor. For insurance purposes, a finished quilt is valued at \$5,000. □





Limited Editions

Mustang II Three-Door 2 + 2 sports a special Tu-Tone paint combination (above) and cloth and vinyl seat trim



THREE OF FORD's value-packed 1976 cars are now available with limited-edition packages that make them even better buys. The packages are offered on selected Mustang II, Torino and Elite models, and are sticker priced to provide substantial retail value savings.

Mustang II's package is offered on the Two-Door Hardtop and Three-Door 2 + 2. It includes a special lower body Tu-Tone paint combination, dual accent bodyside tape stripes, styled steel wheels with trim rings (forged aluminum wheels available at extra cost), special seat inserts and brushed



From Ford

aluminum instrument panel applique. This bargain is hard to beat—the package is included at no extra charge.*

Torino's package is designed for the base Two-Door Hardtop. Inside, there's a special cloth and vinyl bench seat (all-vinyl available at no extra cost) and special all-vinyl door and quarter trim panels. Exterior features include a half-vinyl roof, opera windows, dual accent paint stripes, vinyl-insert body-side

Handsome half-vinyl roof (above) and special cloth and vinyl bench seat highlight Torino's package



**Based on manufacturer's price reduction to dealers for options purchased in special option packages. Actual prices will vary by dealer.*

moldings, dual color-keyed outside mirrors and special sport wheel covers. When the Torino limited-edition package is purchased, it is comparable to a \$159 retail value.*

The limited-edition Elite features a cloth and vinyl bench seat (optional all-vinyl bench seat available

at extra cost), special all-vinyl door trim panels and special wheel covers. The value in this specially equipped version lies in a \$200 reduction off the standard Elite's base sticker price.

In addition to the optional equipment included in the above packages, models pictured on these pages feature one or more of the following options: Raised white letter tires, security lock group, Select-Shift Cruise-O-Matic transmission, color-keyed deluxe belts, white sidewall tires, front bumper guards. □



Limited-edition Elite (below) includes cloth and vinyl bench seat, special all-vinyl door trim panels



Nature's Toothy Engineer



by George Heinold

paintings by Susan Naughton

CREDIT THE BEAVER for being the world's first aquatic engineer. While our ancestors were still in caves, this rodent was living in a water-surrounded wooden lodge, safe from nearly every enemy. If attacked while at home, he and his family simply escaped out a back door and swam away from danger. It took us centuries to learn to build a moat for protection.

The beaver is well designed for his role in life. Large webbed hind feet and a big black, scaly tail enable him to paddle rapidly through the water. Ten to 12 inches long and six inches wide, his tail serves as a rudder or scull in the water. When he slaps it vigorously while swimming, the sound warns other beavers of imminent danger. On land the tail becomes a fifth leg as the beaver gnaws away at trees.

Valves in the beaver's nose and

ears close automatically when he goes underwater and open again when he surfaces. His lips are so loose that he can draw them together tightly behind his large front teeth, enabling him to cut and chew without getting mouthfuls of water. And the beaver's lower incisors are like chisels—so sharp that Indians once used them as cutting tools.

With the exception of the South American capybara, the beaver is the world's largest rodent. He is from three to four feet long and tips the scales at 70 pounds.

When it comes to a tree, a beaver is eager. I once saw a beaver gnaw down a six-inch willow in three minutes. A beaver has been known to fell a tree 110 feet high with a trunk five and a half feet thick. After making his selection, the beaver rears up on his hind legs and braces himself with his flat

tail as he notches a cutting guide-mark into the tree. Once the tree begins to topple, the beaver dives into his pond for safety. He remains there until he is certain the crash hasn't attracted an enemy.

When the coast is clear, the beaver and his family return to the logging area and cut the fallen tree into convenient lengths from three to eight feet long.

Some woodsmen say that a beaver cuts a tree so that it falls into the water. This isn't so. Trees growing near water tend to lean that way. Other trees fall in almost any direction.

After gnawing the tree into convenient lengths, the beaver, using his teeth as clamps, drags the logs to the water. Once it is in the water, the beaver handles a log with ease. Swimming alongside, he uses his tail as a rudder to guide the log to its destination.

If the logging area is too far from the pond, the beaver digs a canal. These canals may be a couple of feet wide and about the same depth. Rather than lug a heavy log several hundred feet, the beaver simply shoves it into the canal and floats it to the stream or pond.



A beaver usually will select a narrow stream, preferably with a fairly high bank, for his dam. At the dam site logs are piled one atop the other, twigs and brush are added, and stones are used to fortify the structure which deepens the water by blocking the flow. Mud is scooped from the bottom of the embankment, making the water still deeper. With his dexterous forepaws the beaver plasters the mud in the chinks. Often a beaver has been seen gathering up armfuls of mud from the bank, clutching the mass to his chest, and paddling with hind legs and tail to the dam.

Although beaver dams are seldom more than 10 yards wide, some tremendously long ones have been charted. The longest beaver dam ever recorded—2,140 feet long—was on the Jefferson River near Three Forks, Montana.

A beaver's lodge is built of the same materials as his dam. The size of the lodge depends on the number of occupants. A fair-size lodge will have a circumference of 40 feet and a height of eight feet. Built in the pond created by the dam, it always has underwater entrances, but the interior main chamber, above the water, is high and dry.

The astute beaver keeps the pond deep to prevent it from completely freezing in winter. Under the ice, alongside the base of the dam, the beaver stores his supplies for the cold months. An expert

diver, the beaver leaves the lodge at feeding time, swims under the ice to the cache of food, selects a morsel, and returns under water. Parts of such soft woods as the poplar, maple and linden, as well as roots and grasses, constitute the cuisine.

Although the beaver does not hibernate, he is much less active in winter. The animal has little need to be more mobile since food is at hand, and the freezing temperature makes his lodge and dam impregnable. In February pairs mate, the female giving birth to a litter in May.

Even in below-zero weather, the beaver has a rich, brown coat to keep him warm. The moment he comes out of the water, he wipes and combs himself dry with the combing claws on each of his two inner toes of his hind feet. Only the external surface becomes wet, with the skin itself remaining dry under an inner layer of soft underfur and an outer layer of heavier guard hairs.

The beaver's velvety underfur almost caused his demise. During this country's pioneer days, trade in beaver pelts was so important that it helped stimulate early exploration of the continent.

Thanks to constructive conservation practices, nature's aquatic engineer has made a comeback. And if you look hard enough, you can find him busily building dams deep in America's backwoods. □

BREEZING DOWN the expressway, listening to the news or to pleasant music, you don't realize that over the years the car radio has had to put up with a lot of static.

Take, for instance, the proposal of the Massachusetts registrar of motor vehicles in early 1930 to ban radio playing while the car was moving. The car radio, the complaint said, was a source of much distraction for drivers; it took their minds off driving, it lulled them to sleep, it was an "attractive nuisance" for other drivers who sought the source of the beguiling sounds.

Poppycock, said car radio proponents. An editorial in *Motor*

while the radio asks merely for the loan of an ear. And what of the diversion—let anyone try to prohibit that!—which, in simpler days, we called 'spooning'? Will officialdom seriously consider another 'Must Not' because of this harmless exercise of personal liberty?"

"Officialdom" never had a chance. At a Massachusetts Public Works Commission meeting on the subject, spooners far outnumbered bureaucrats. Only five of the 300 people present favored the proposal.

Most early interference in car radios, however, didn't come from government circles, but from the car.

In the beginning (early 1920s),

Do You Hear What I Hear?

by Nicholas J. Bush

magazine best expressed their feelings:

"Such a suggestion seems rather foolish when we call to mind the things that are done to distract drivers' attention, without the slightest whisper of official complaint. No one has ever tried to enforce a 'Don't talk to the driver' regulation. Then there are roadside signs trying to get the motorist's eye,

car radios were simply battery-powered home radios. Trouble was, you couldn't play the radio with the engine running because the car ignition generated all sorts of noises and static. So, people packed their home radios into their cars on a Sunday afternoon, drove out to the country, set up a makeshift antenna, and then hoped for the best. On a clear day you could



illustrations by Robert Boston

hear forever—almost.

It didn't take too many cruises through the countryside for William M. Heina to realize the business potential in permanently installing radios in automobiles. He founded Heinaphone Company in 1926 to do just that. Mr. Heina's company soon was taken over by the Automobile Radio Corporation (ARC). ARC, which had a line

called Transitone, then was bought by Philco in 1929—hence, Philco Transitone. In 1960, the organization became Philco-Ford Corporation, and just recently it became Aeronutronic Ford Corporation.

While the name on the front door has changed a few times, inside there has been a continuity of innovative automobile radio engineering. Many significant car

radio developments involving circuitry and numerous components are among the 60 auto radio-related U. S. patents held by Aerotron Ford engineers.

A. A. Leonard, then chief engineer for ARC, began it all in 1927 by developing a practical way to reduce ignition interference—a method so basic that a variation of it remains in use today.

Listening was a drag

But even with the addition of Leonard's "screw-in" suppressors and successful uses of other suppression devices, reception was hardly what we've come to expect today. What's more, the ignition shielding seriously degraded the spark, causing a dramatic loss of engine efficiency. Gas mileage could be cut in half, and pity the driver who had to travel in fog or rain. The lack of spark plus ignition voltage leaks meant grandpa's Peerless, Franklin or Model A might not start in muggy weather.

You have to scratch your head and wonder about people who were paying \$600 and \$700 for a new sedan and then laying out nearly \$200 for a radio that in some cases took a week to install, and in every case left the car less effective.

The only explanation is that if Americans loved automobiles, they were passionate about radios. It was everyday fare on Main Street to gather in front of sidewalk loudspeakers to listen to the magical

sounds from the magic box. When a big fight like Dempsey-Tunney hit the airwaves, there were crowds.

In the evening, it was popcorn and listening to *Allen's Alley* or Jack Benny. And if today your youngster runs home to see *Sesame Street* or *Spiderman*, in the 1930s he would have been hustling in the door to listen to *Jack Armstrong* or the *Lone Ranger*. Some youngsters never bothered running all the way home; they simply found the nearest open car equipped with a radio, turned on an afternoon thriller and when it was over, walked away. It wasn't uncommon to return to a parked car and find the battery run down and a group of *Terry and the Pirates* fans scrambling over a nearby fence.

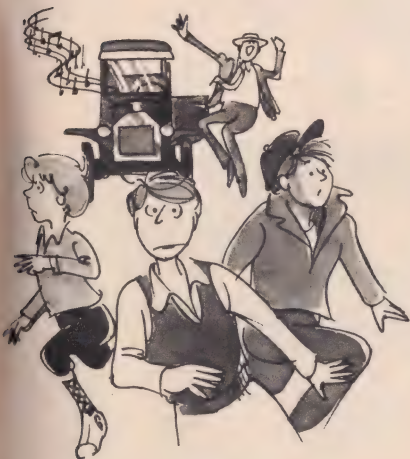
Despite early problems, demand for car radios accelerated. In 1930, 34,000 radios were installed in automobiles; by 1935 there were 1,200,000. Continuous improvements made car radios practical and within reach of most car buyers.

Thoroughly modern melodies

Today, most cars and many trucks are equipped with factory-installed radios. Gone is the weighty, unwieldy and often unreliable tube model. The modern Ford car radio is an all-transistorized unit that offers not just one band of service (AM), but AM/FM monaural, AM/FM stereo, AM/stereo tape, AM/FM stereo with stereo tape, and the AM/FM stereo with an

integral quad tape player as available options at extra cost.

Ford has an impressive list of installation "firsts" for many of these sophisticated sound systems. The latest are the AM/FM stereo search radio with a hesitation scan feature and the AM/FM stereo with quad tape player. Such innovations have been well received, and there



is a distinct trend toward stereo radios in cars.

Aeronutronic is not just an innovator, but an exacting manufacturer. Consider this: An auto radio operates under conditions that would curl a home radio's dials. It must retain quality performance over a range of 11 to 16 volts and

over a temperature range of -20° F to 140° F. It must shrug off vibrations and shocks that would rattle your teeth.

To test whether their radios meet tough Ford operating standards, Aeronutronic engineers place a radio in a chamber where the temperature is a constant 45° below zero. After 15 minutes (when every part in the set has reached chamber temperature), the power is switched on and off for 15 minutes from an overload source of 18 volts, and shock to the extent of 40Gs is applied once per second. The radio then is thrust into a hot, humid chamber where it "soaks" for 15 minutes more, again powered at 18 volts. Then, it's shock again for 15 minutes, a drying tunnel for 30 minutes, and finally a series of tests to make sure that performance has not deteriorated.

There are special tests for speakers, too, since some must withstand door slams and frequent exposure to moisture.

All this would seem like a dream to pioneer car-radio installers who created antennas out of chicken wire.

But then radio has come a long way since the days of *Amos and Andy*. And those who buy a new Ford equipped with an Aeronutronic radio are assured of a sound system styled and engineered to fit that car, assuring listening enjoyment at its best—even in muggy weather.

[]



FAVORITE **Recipes** FROM
FAMOUS RESTAURANTS
by Nancy Kennedy



FRIAR TUCK'S FOOD AND GROGG, FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.

Just two blocks from the Northern Arizona University, this friendly restaurant specializes in prime rib, steak and sandwiches. The address is 1551 South Milton Road, just one mile north of Interchange 195B of I-40 and I-17 in Flagstaff. Open every night for dinner; lunch served Monday through Friday. Rich Cook is the manager.

MELLOW FOX SANDWICH

Place the following ingredients between two slices of wheatberry bread: $\frac{1}{2}$ avocado, sliced; 2 slices tomato; 2 ounces chopped, sautéed mushrooms; 1 small onion, chopped; and 1 thick slice Monterey Jack

cheese. Skewer. Grill both sides of sandwich in butter until cheese melts.

HOMEMADE CHEESE CAKE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds cream cheese
1 tablespoon vanilla
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons almond extract
1 lemon, juice
 $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
4 eggs

9-inch graham cracker crumb
crust (pre-baked for 7 minutes)

Combine cream cheese, vanilla, almond extract and lemon juice in a mixer bowl. Beat 30 minutes at medium speed. Add sugar and beat for 15 minutes, then add eggs, and beat 30 minutes more. Allow to cool, then pour into graham cracker crust in 9-inch spring form pan. Bake 30 minutes at 350° , checking often the last 5 minutes.

PILOTS GRILL BANGOR, MAINE

Located next to the Bangor International Airport, this restaurant, operated by the Zoidis family, has been a favorite of airport personnel as well as travelers since 1940. Take the Hermon exit from I-95. The restaurant is on U.S. Highway 2, West (Outer Hammond Street). Open every day for lunch and dinner; closed only on Christmas Day.

BAKED HALIBUT AU GRATIN

18 ounces halibut
6 tablespoons butter
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
1 cup light cream, scalded
1 cup fish stock, scalded

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup dry sherry
4 teaspoons Parmesan cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon seafood seasoning
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons paprika

Cover halibut with salted water and bring to a boil. Boil for 2 minutes. Melt butter and stir in flour until smooth, add scalded cream and fish stock and stir over heat until smooth. Remove bones and skin from halibut, break fish into large chunks and place in a casserole. Sprinkle half of Parmesan cheese and all of seafood seasoning over halibut. Pour cream sauce over halibut and sprinkle with remaining cheese and paprika. Bake in 350° oven for about 15 minutes or until bubbling. Serves 4.



HOTEL LE CHANTECLER STE. ADELE, QUEBEC

This unique resort complex, nestled in the Laurentians at Ste. Adele, is just 42 miles north of Montreal. Winter attractions include skiing on four mountains, with 16 interlocking trails, and nine ski lifts. Snowmaking equipment guarantees snow all winter long. In the other seasons there is golf, tennis, boating, horseback riding and hiking. Vacationers enjoy fine French Canadian cuisine all year long. Meals available for nonresident guests at breakfast, lunch and dinner. Reservations necessary for overnight accommodations and meals. Take Exit 42 from Laurentian Auto Route 15.

AL'S RESTAURANT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

This fine waterfront restaurant is famous with local gourmets for its excellent food. Dinner is the only meal. Closed Sunday and major holidays and the first two weeks in July. Reservations advisable. Take any exit to Jefferson National Memorial (Riverfront), proceed north to Biddle Street, then go west one block to 1200 North Main Street. Albert Barroni is the owner and manager.

RISSOTO ALLA MILANESE

Bring 6 cups of chicken stock to a boil. Sauté 1 medium chopped onion

CANADIAN MEAT PIE (TOURTIERE)

1½ pounds fresh pork shoulder,
medium grind

2 medium onions, chopped

3 tablespoons butter

1 clove garlic, chopped

Salt and pepper, to taste

1 bay leaf

½ teaspoon nutmeg

1½ tablespoons cinnamon

2 9-inch pie crusts

Sauté onion lightly in butter and then add meat. Cook slowly on top of the stove 2½-3 hours. Meat should not be browned. The pink shade will turn a light gray. Add seasonings and mix well. Line a deep pie shell with pastry and fill with meat mixture, top with a crust. Bake in a 350° oven for 45 minutes or until pastry is a golden brown. Serves 8 main course portions.

in 4 tablespoons butter until tender. Add 1 cup chopped mushrooms and cook at a very low temperature, stirring frequently. Add 1 cup raw rice and cook, stirring until the grains glisten with the butter and are somewhat opaque. Pour in ½ cup dry white wine and cook until it is completely absorbed. Stir in ¼ teaspoon saffron. Lower heat under the chicken stock to simmering and gradually add to rice mixture a cup at a time, stirring rice after each addition until almost all liquid is absorbed. Continue until rice is tender and nearly all stock has been used. Stir in ¼ cup Parmesan cheese. Serves 6.



Letters

Our First Thanksgiving?

Dear Sirs: The article concerning "The First Thanksgiving" by Mary Zimmer in the November issue was very interesting, but in error. She stated that the pilgrims had watched their ships sail home "on April 5 without them—the first American colonists to stick it out more than one winter and live to tell about it." The colony in Jamestown had been flourishing for over 10 years and incidentally had celebrated their first Thanksgiving about 1611. For that matter the Spaniards were living down in Florida in St. Augustine and made the colonists at Jamestown look like newcomers.

James W. Banks, M.D.
Hagerstown, Maryland

(Editor's note: Dr. Banks is right. Other readers also noted our error.)

Razzberries and Strawberries

Dear Sirs: In "The Fourth is Still Great in the Rockies," which appeared in the **FORD TIMES**, the author says you can go to Fred and Wilma's Cafe in Ennis, Mon-

tana, for strawberry pie. Well, James C. Ericson made a mistake that I think should be noted: it's not Fred and Wilma's, it's Herb and Wilma's! Mr. Ericson was right about the pie—it is fabulous.

Frank Armstrong
Ennis, Montana

Newest Ford Fan


Dear Sirs: This letter is to introduce Jay Todd Caughlin—the newest addition to our "Ford family." My husband has been a "Ford person" since he bought a '31 Model A when he was 14. He has owned nothing but Fords—from a



'66 Shelby to our '72 Pinto Runabout, '70 pickup and basket case deuce coupé. We also own a few shares of Ford stock. To top it off, our son was born on the front seat of the Pinto. I'd say he has a good chance of following in dad's footsteps, wouldn't you?

Janet Caughlin
Omaha, Nebraska

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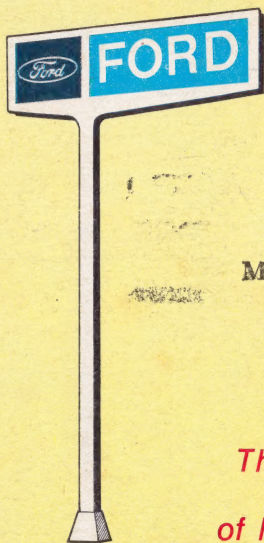
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